

SOUTH COLLEGE CLASS BOOK



1904


Henrietta Yale Bosworth -



Class Book, 1904

Smith College

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The Book *of the* Class *of* Nineteen Hundred & Four *Smith College*

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Dedication

The Class of Nineteen Hundred and Four,
in grateful appreciation of ideals of
knowledge and virtue, in love and
honor, dedicate this book
To President L. Clarke Seelye

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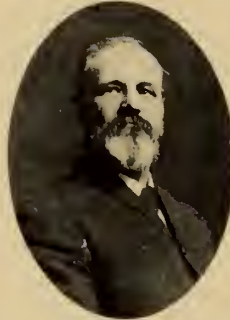
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In Memoriam

Madeline Zabriskie

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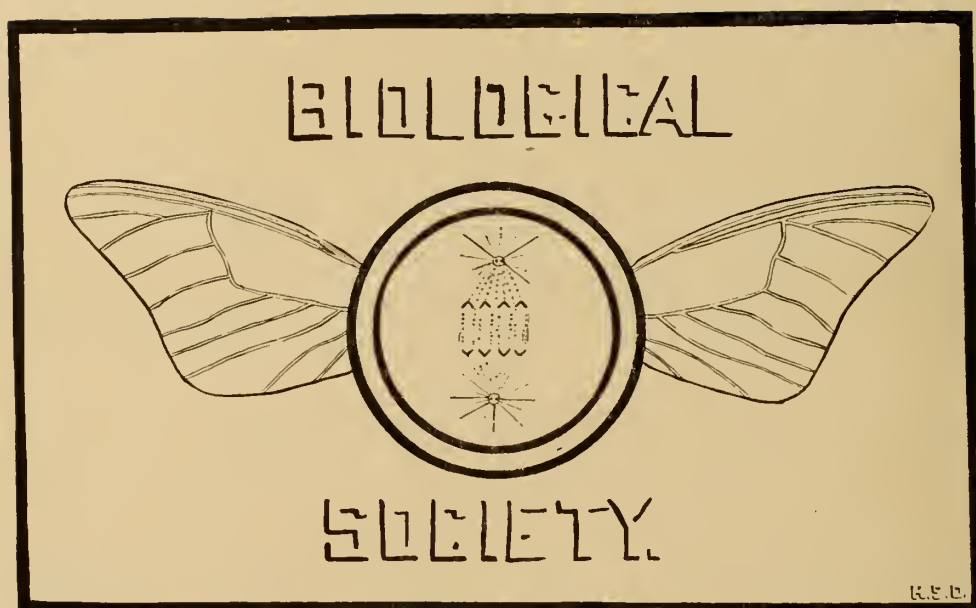
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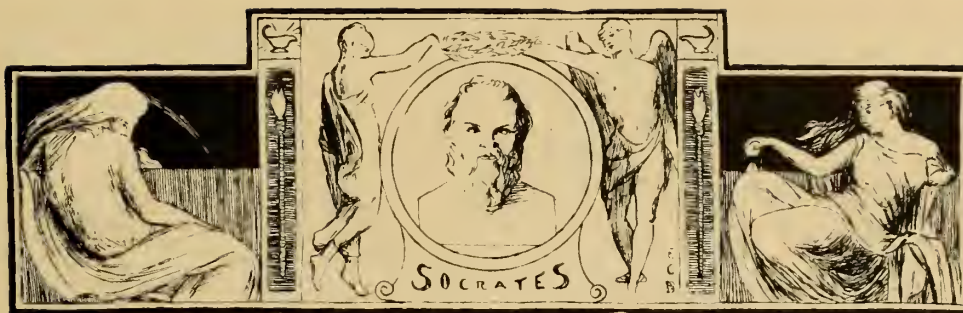
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Secretary and Treasurer

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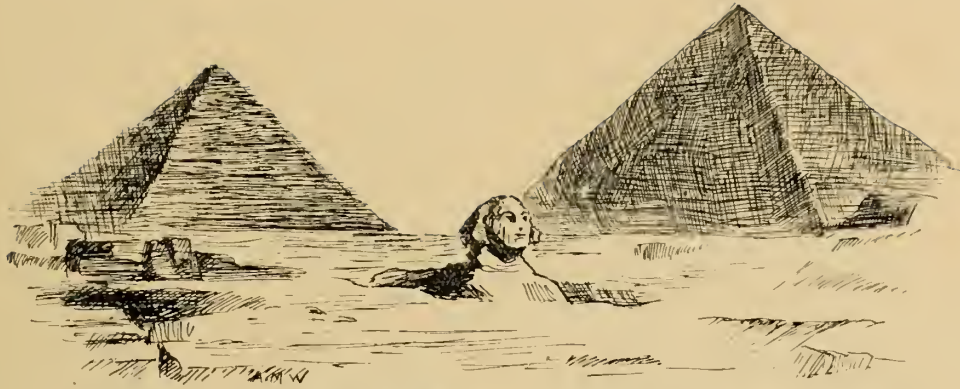
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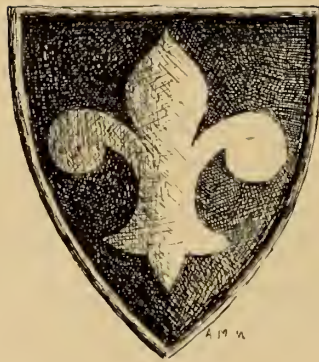
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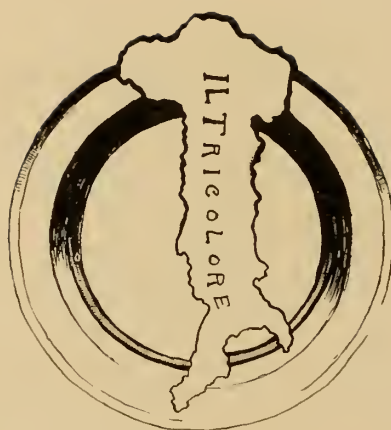
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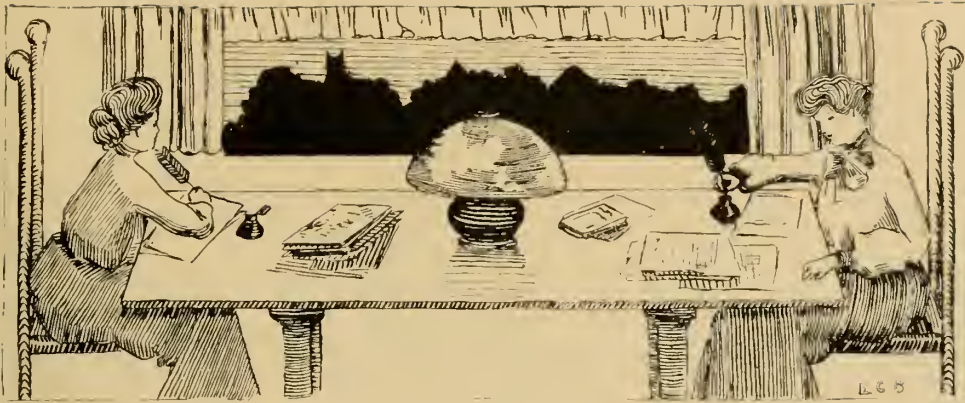
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MARION BANCROFT PAIGE

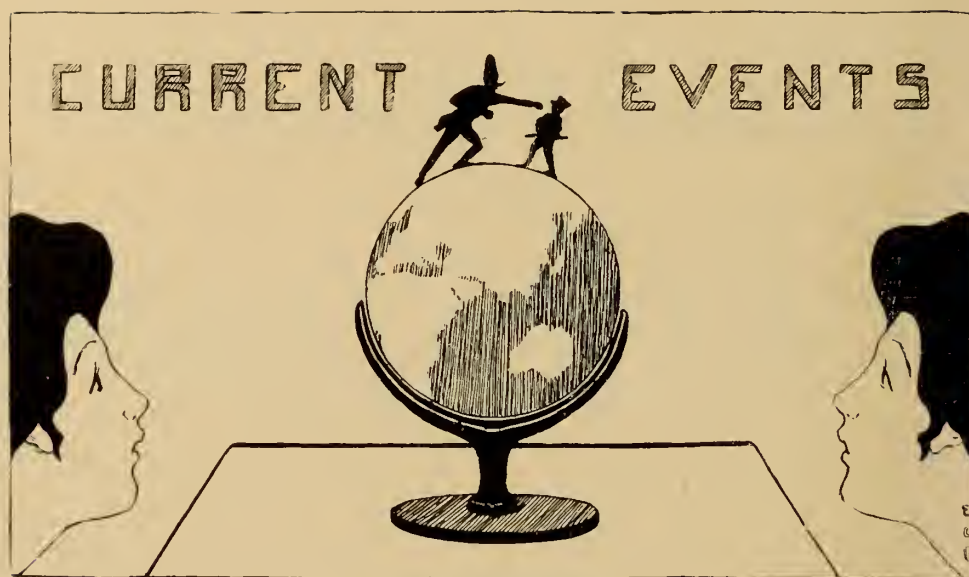
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Orange Men

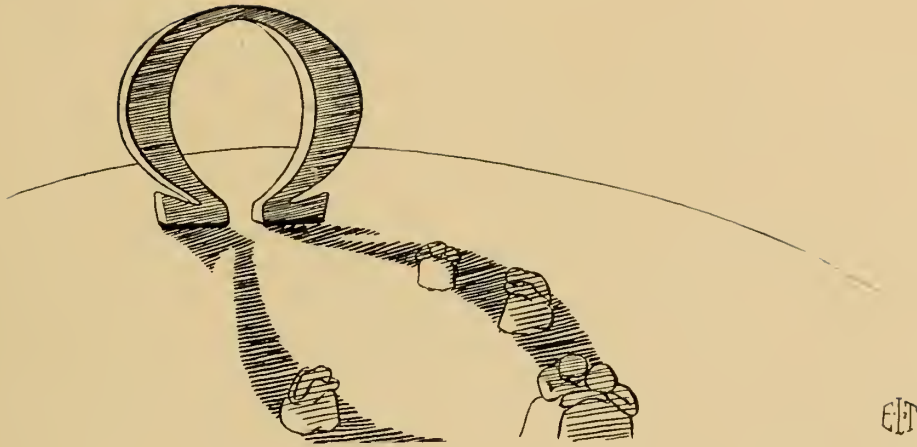
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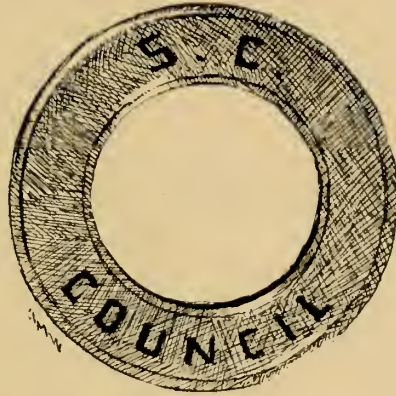
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GYMNASIUM, BEFORE BASKETBALL GAME

Athletics



FRESHMAN BASKETBALL TEAM

Freshman Basketball Team

Captain, ADELE KEYS

Forwards

ADELE KEYS
RITA SOUTHER
ETHEL SWAN

Guards

MABEL BARKLEY
KATHRYN McCONNELL
SALLIE TANNAHILL

Centers

LESLIE CRAWFORD

EMMA DILL

FLORENCE NESMITH

1903 vs. 1904

Saturday, March 23, 1904

Score 31-8



SOPHOMORE BASKETBALL TEAM

Sophomore Basketball Team

Captain, E M M A D I L L

Homcs

RITA SOUTHER
ETHEL SWAN
EDITH VAILLE

Guards

MABEL BARKLEY
EDITH KINGSBURY
KATHRYN McCONNELL

Centres

LESLIE CRAWFORD

EMMA DILL

ADÈLE KEYS

1904 vs. 1905

Saturday, March 22, 1902

Score 55-19

G. & J. A.

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ALICE BRADFORD BOUTWELL

Representative,

EMMA HANSELL DILL

The Competitive Drill

1901 Captains

ELLEN EMERSON, 1901

MARGERY FERRISS, 1902

JESSIE AMES, 1903

EMMA DILL, 1904

Points for the Flag Class Work

1901, 18 $\frac{1}{4}$ 1902, 14 $\frac{3}{8}$ 1903, 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ 1904, 16 17-40

Points for the Cup Class and Individual Work

1901, 46 $\frac{1}{4}$ 1902, 28 $\frac{3}{8}$ 1903, 59 $\frac{3}{4}$

1902 Captains

MARGERY FERRISS, 1902

FANNY CLEMENT, 1903

EMMA DILL, 1904

EDNA CAPEN, 1905

Points for the Flag Class Work

2902, 15 13-16 1903, 16 $\frac{7}{8}$ 1904, 16 $\frac{1}{8}$ 1905, 17 $\frac{1}{2}$

Points for the Cup Class and Individual Work

1902, 42 13-16 1903, 43 7-16 1904, 52 $\frac{1}{8}$

1903 Captains

FANNY CLEMENT, 1903

FLORENCE NESMITH, 1904

EDNA CAPEN, 1905

ELSIE ELLIOTT, 1906

Points for the Flag Class Work

1903, 17 1904, 16 $\frac{7}{8}$ 1905, 14 $\frac{3}{4}$ 1906, 16 $\frac{1}{4}$

Points for the Cup Class and Individual Work

1903, 37 1904, 43 $\frac{7}{8}$ 1905, 47 $\frac{3}{4}$

Gymnastic Exhibition

1904 Captains

EMMA DILL, 1904

EDNA CAPEN, 1905

ELSIE ELLIOTT, 1906

JEANNETTE WELCH, 1907



Golf

1900

BESSIE BELL BOYNTON
GRACE ROBERTSON BUCK

MARGARET LINTON HOTCHKISS
HELEN PEABODY

1901

BESSIE BELL BOYNTON
GRACE ROBERTSON BUCK

FLORENCE COVEL
MARGARET LINTON HOTCHKISS

MARY GILNEY WADSWORTH

1902

MARGARET LINTON HOTCHKISS
EDITH WHEELER KINGSBURY

EDITH VOM BAUR
MARY HUNTER PUSEY

1903

EMMA HANSELL DILL
MARGARET LINTON HOTCHKISS

EDITH WHEELER KINGSBURY
RACHEL EMILIE RISING

EDITH VOM BAUR

Tennis Championships

1901

<i>Singles</i>	MARION ALDRICH, 1902
<i>Doubles</i>	{ MARION ALDRICH } { KATHERINE HOLMES } 1902

1902

<i>Singles</i>	MARION ALDRICH, 1902
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1903

<i>Singles</i>	MARION EVANS, 1903
<i>Doubles</i>	{ GERTRUDE BEECHER } { MARION EVANS } 1903



Hockey Team

Manager, ALICE M. WRIGHT

Forwards

ELINOR PURVES
MARGARET DURYEE

MARY PERINE
LILLIAN EHRLICH

ELSIE MEDIGN
EDITH VOM BAUR

Half-Backs

MARGARET LEATHERBEE

ALICE M. WRIGHT

JOSEPHINE ENGLAND

Full-Backs

MARGARET HAMLIN

GRACE REYNOLDS

Goal-keeper

LOIS JAMES

Score

1904 vs. 1906 4-2

1904 vs. 1905 4-0

Musical Clubs



Glee Club

Leader, ANNIE MAY WRIGHT, 1904
Manager, ALICE BERRY WRIGHT, 1904
Treasurer, RUTH TRACY BIGELOW, 1905

First Sopranos

ALICE VENELIA HATCH, 1905	ETHEL FANNING YOUNG, 1905
LOUISE THORNTON, 1905	HAZEL JOSEPHINE GOES, 1906
JULIA EDNA CAPEN, 1905	ELIZABETH IRMA TELLING, 1904
CHARLOTTE GOLDSMITH CHASE, 1905	RUTH MORRISON FLETCHER, 1906
KATHERINE DE LA VERGNE, 1905	BEATRICE CONGDEN SPRINGER, 1905
ELLA MOSIER DUNHAM, 1906	CHARLOTTE RIGGS GARDINER, 1906

Second Sopranos

MARY LOIS HOLLISTER, 1905	ALICE EVANS, 1905
ANNIE MARION KING, 1905	RUTH COLBURN HOLMAN, 1906
DOROTHY EMMA POMEROY, 1904	EDITH ROBERTA SMITH, 1905
HELEN FELLOWS, 1906	SOPHIA LORD BURNHAM, 1904

First Altos

ALICE BERRY WRIGHT, 1904	JENNIE MAY PEERS, 1905
ANNIE MAY WRIGHT, 1904	LORA WRIGHT, 1905
MARGARET LINTON HOTCHKISS, 1904	JOSEPHINE AUGUSTA LANE, 1906
MABEL McKEIGHAN, 1904	ELIZABETH THEODORA BABCOCK, 1905
BESSIE ELY AMERMAN, 1906	

Second Altos

RUTH TRACY BIGELOW, 1905	SYBIL LAURA SMITH, 1904
MARY LANGFORD PECK, 1904	MARION LAZELL CLAPP, 1904
EDITH CHARLOTTE WILLIS, 1905	HELEN WRIGHT, 1905
GRACE MAY BEATTIE, 1905	MARY PEABODY COLBURN, 1904



Mandolin Club

Leader, EDITH MAYNARD KIDDER, 1904
Manager, CLARA SHERMAN CLARK, 1905

First Mandolins

MARION RICE PROUTY, 1904	FLORENCE NESMITH, 1904
ELIZABETH FINLEY BARNARD, 1904	ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT, 1904
MARGARET CLARISSA ESTABROOK, 1904	BERTHA PHELPS BROOKS, 1905
EDITH MAYNARD KIDDER, 1904	HELEN CLARISSA GROSS, 1905
ELIZABETH WASHBURN MASON, 1904	GERTRUDE MAY COOPER, 1906
AMY GRACE MAHER, 1906	

Second Mandolins

EDITH WOLCOTT VAILLE, 1904	HELEN BRADFORD PRATT, 1905
KATHRYN LOUISE IRWIN, 1905	RUTH HAYES REDINGTON, 1905
NANCY LOUISE LINCOLN, 1905	GENEVIEVE HALL SCOFIELD, 1905

Guitars

NATALIE STANTON, 1904	VERNA ROGENE HARRIS, 1905
CLARA SHERMAN CLARK, 1905	EVELYN RUSSELL HOOKER, 1905
AMY EVELYN COLLIER, 1905	ALICE CHAPMAN LAUD, 1906

Violins

MELINDA WHEELER ROCKWOOD, 1906	HELEN AGNES BOYNTON, 1906
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'Cello

METTA JOSEPHINE HOLLOWAY, 1904

Flute

KATHARINE CLARKE, 1905



Banjo Club

Leader, UNA MARIE WINCHESTER

Manager, FLORENCE HOMER SNOW

Banjoists

EMILIE CREIGHTON, 1904

MARGUERITE FIELD NORTH, 1905

MABEL WATSON KENT, 1906

GERTRUDE ELIZABETH DOUGLAS, 1904

LOUISE DODGE, 1905

ALICE ROBSON, 1904

HELEN CHASE MARBLE, 1904

ELIZABETH FREEMAN, 1905

Second Banjos

FLORENCE EMILY LOVETT, 1904

ALICE MARIA BARNES, 1904

HAZEL SANDERSON DAY, 1904

JENNIE JASPAR MOREY, 1906

EDNA LEVI STERN, 1904

First Mandolins

JOSEPHINE WINIFRED ENGLAND, 1904

BERTHA MYERS ATKINS, 1906

FLORENCE HOMER SNOW, 1904

MARY GENEVIEVE BURNHAM, 1905

Second Mandolins

EDITH VOM BAUR, 1904

ETHEL MINA TRASK, 1906

HILDA GOULDING CLARK, 1905

Guitars

ELIZABETH ABBOTT PARKER, 1904

LILLIAN IDA EHRLICH, 1904

CATHLEEN ALBERTA SHERMAN, 1904

ETHELWYNNE MARY ADAMSON, 1906



Chapel Choir

ANNA SOPHIA HUDSON
FLORENCE HOMER SNOW
MURIEL STURGIS HAYNES
CHRISTINE SEWARD
KATHERINE ISABELLA MCKELVEY
SOPHIA LORD BURNHAM
BESSIE PENDLETON BENSON
MARY HUNTER PUSEY
BELLE CORWIN LUPTON
ELIZABETH IRMA TELLING
DOROTHY EMMA POMEROY
ANNE MAY WRIGHT
MARION LAZELL CLAPP
UNA MARIE WINCHESTER
MARY PEABODY COLBURN
SYBIL LAURA SMITH

Committees

Junior-Senior Entertainment

Committees

Entertainment

Chairman, EMMA HANSELL DILL

CANDACE THURBER

FRANCES ALLEN

ELIZABETH ROBINSON JACKSON

SOPHIE KNOWLTON HISS

MARGARET BEAUVAIS MENDELL

Refreshment

Chairman, ROSA HUTCHINSON

DOROTHEA GROSS

ANNE CHAPMAN GREGORY

FLORENCE DELIA ALDEN

RUTH LEWIS CROSSETT

Music

Chairman, FLORENCE HOMER SNOW

KATHERINE ISABELLA MCKELVEY

EDITH JANE MITCHELL

UNA MARIE WINCHESTER

Souvenir

Chairman, MARY LOIS JAMES

ELIZABETH IRMA TELLING

HELEN ASHHURST CHOATE

HANNAH DUNLOP

MARGARET NASH

ETHEL AUGUSTA HAZEN

CLARA MATILDA BURLEIGH

BLANCHE LOUISE WARREN

Invitation

Chairman, GRACE MAY NORRIS

MARY LILLIAN BERRY

JEAN WALLACE BACKUS

MARIE BASSETT CONANT

MARGARET RANDOLPH LAKE

SYBIL LAURA SMITH

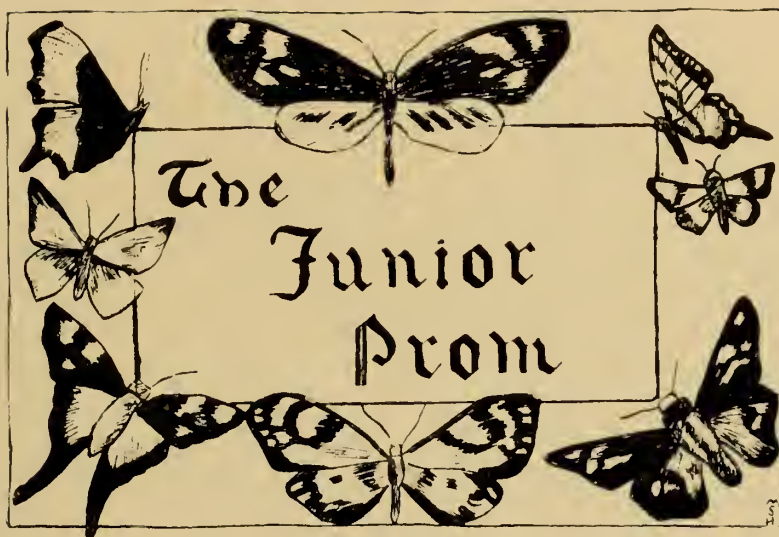
MARY RAMSEY TURNER



JUNIOR PROM—RECEPTION ROOM



JUNIOR PROM—INTERIOR MAIN HALL



May 13, 1903

Committees

General Chairman, HELEN PEABODY

Music

Chairman, BESSIE PENDLETON BENSON

METTA JOSEPHINE HOLLOWAY
EMILY LINDSLEY GILBERT

ELSA KATHERINE LEVY
MARGARET CLARISSA ESTABROOK

Program

Chairman, FRANCES ALLEN

CHRISTINE SEWARD
HAZEL SANDERSON DAY

FLORENCE DIBEIL BARTLETT
EDITH VOM BAUR GRACE POTTER REYNOLDS

Invitation

Chairman, HELEN CHASE MARBLE

ELEANOR GARRISON
ELIZABETH MABEL DANA

ABBY SHUTE MERCHANT
SOPHIE KNOWLTON HISS

Floor

Chairman, MARGARET WATSON

ALICE ROBSON
OLIVE WARE

LESLIE CHAPIN JOSEPHINE WINIFRED ENGLAND
EDITH WHEELER KINGSBURY KATHREINE BEHR

Refreshment

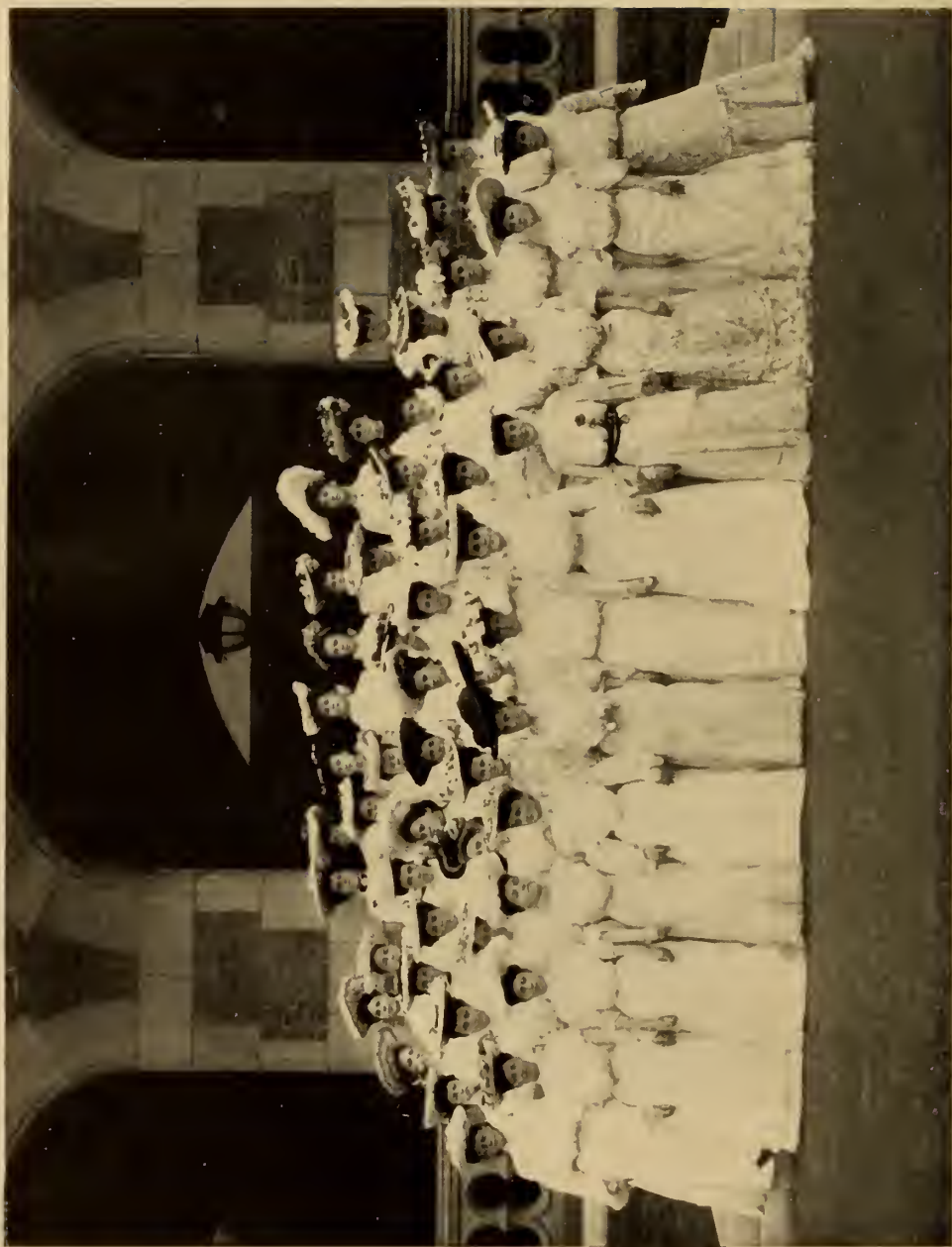
Chairman, MABEL L. DINSMORE

ANNA SOPHIA HUDSON PHILA BORDEN JOHNSON ETHEL FRENCH SWAN

Ushers

MARGARET FOSTER NICHOLS
GRACE LENORE GREENHALGH
MARGARET CLARISSA ESTABROOK
LESLIE CHAPIN
MARY STRANAHAN DUTCHER
ELIZABETH BIDDLECOME
DOROTHY QUINCY UPHAM
FLORENCE HOMER SNOW
MARGARET RANDOLPH LAKE

HELEN CHASE MARBLE
MARY BATES FIELD
ERNESTINE FOWLER
MARGARET ELLSWORTH GILMAN
OLIVE WARE
ELIZABETH MABEL DANA
PHILA BORDEN JOHNSON
METTA JOSEPHINE HOLLOWAY
ALICE ROBSON



JUNIOR USHERS

Junior Ushers

CONSTANCE LAVINIA ABBOTT
EMMA DOW ARMSTRONG
MABEL MERWYN BARKLEY
BESSIE PENDLETON BENSON
ALICE BRADFORD BOUTWELL
MARY COMER
LESLIE STAFFORD CRAWFORD
EDNA CUSHING
FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS
EMMA HANSELL DILL
MARGARET ELMENDORF DURYEE
LOUISE EVANS
MARY BATES FIELD
MARGARET ELLSWORTH GILMAN
EDITH JEANNETTE GOODE
MURIEL STURGIS HAYNES
OLIVE CHAPIN HIGGINS
SOPHIE KNOWLTON HISS
MARGARET LINTON HOTCHKISS
ELIZABETH ROBINSON JACKSON
HILDA SHERMAN JOHNSON
ELEANOR POORE JONES
PRISCILLA PEARL JOUETT
ADÈLE KEYS
EDITH MAYNARD KIDDER
MARY EMMA KIMBERLY
LUCIE SMITH LONDON
HELEN ROCKWELL MABIE

ELIZABETH WASHBURN MASON
MILDRED McCLUNEY
MABEL McKEIGHAN
ELSIE ADÈLE MEDING
MARGARET BEAUVAIS MENDELL
FLORENCE NESMITH
MARION BANCROFT PAIGE
HELEN PEABODY
MARY LANGFORD PECK
MARION RICE PROUTY
ELINOR KENNEDY PURVES
MARY HUNTER PUSEY
WINIFRED RAND
KATHERINE ROBINSON
ESTHER JOSEPHINE SANDERSON
MARGUERITE SOUTHER
NATALIE STANTON
CANDACE THURBER
EVELYN TRULL
BROOKE VAN DYKE
MARY ABBY VAN KLEECK
EDITH WOLCOTT VAILLE
VIRGINIA WALDO
HOPE NEWELL WALKER
DOROTHEA WELLS
ALICE BERRY WRIGHT
ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT
ANNIE MAY WRIGHT

Preliminary Dramatics Committee

Chairman, EDITH JEANNETTE GOODE

MARGARET LINTON HOTCHKISS

FLORENCE HOMER SNOW

MARGARET WATSON

ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT





Senior Dramatics Committee

Officers

<i>General Chairman</i>	BROOKE VAN DYKE
<i>Advisory Member</i>	EDNA CUSHING
<i>Chairman Committee on Costumes</i>		ELSA KATHERINE LEVY
<i>Chairman Committee on Music</i>	.	NATALIE STANTON
<i>Business Manager</i>	FLORENCE HOMER SNOW
<i>Stage Manager</i>	ELIZABETH IRMA TELLING
<i>Secretary</i>	MABEL MERWYN BARKLEY

Sub-Committees

Costumes

FRANCES ALLEN
KATHERINE ROBINSON

MILDRED McCLUNEY
FLORENCE DIBELL BARTLETT

Music

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

ANNE MAY WRIGHT

Assistant Business Manager, ALICE ROBSON

Assistants to Stage Manager

MARY LOIS JAMES

MARGUERITE SOUTHER

FLORENCE NESMITH

Senior Committees

Senior Pins

Chairman, MARY HUNTER PUSEY

NATALIE STANTON

EDNA LEVI STERN

GRACE LENORE GREENHALGH

MABEL MERWYN BARKLEY

Class Book

Chairman, SOPHIE KNOWLTON HISS

MARY COMER

ESTHER JOSEPHINE SANDERSON

EDITH VON BAUR

HELEN CHASE MARBLE

Photographs

Chairman, MILDRED MCCLUNEY

MABEL L. DINSMORE

MARIE BASSETT CONANT

Rally Day

Chairman, MARY LANGFORD PECK

MARY EMILY BENT

KATHERINE ISABELLA MCKELVEY

JOSEPHINE WINIFRED ENGLAND

EDITH WOLCOTT VAILLE

Joy Song

Chairman, ANNIE MAY WRIGHT

BELLE CORWIN LUPTON

ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT

ADÈLE KEYS

Campus

Chairman, HOPE NEWALL WALKER

HELEN ASHHURST CHOATE

OLIVE KENNON BEAUPRÉ

ELLEN FRANCES CUSECK

MURIEL STURGIS HAYNES

Order in Marching

Chairman, DOROTHEA WELLS

EDITH MAYNARD KIDDER

ABBY SHUTE MERCHANT

ELSIE ADÈLE MEDING

MARGARET NASH

GRACE MAY NORRIS

Presents

Chairman, ANNE CHAPMAN GREGORY

HAZEL SANDERSON DAY

MABEL McKEIGHAN

EDNA CUSHING

GRACE POTTER REYNOLDS

Printing

Chairman, SOPHIA LORD BURNHAM

EMMA DOW ARMSTRONG

ERNESTINE FOWLER

EDITH HOWELL BOND

MARION BANCROFT PAIGE

Commencement Orator

Chairman, OLIVE WARE

HELEN ROCKWELL MABIE

MARGARET ELMENDORF DURYEE

ALICE BERRY WRIGHT

OLIVE CHAPIN HIGGINS

Class Supper

Chairman, MARY EMMA KIMBERLY

CLARA MATILDA BURLEIGH

PHILA BORDEN JOHNSON

LESLIE CHAPIN

MARGARET BEAUVAIS MENDELL

ELISABETH ABBOTT PARKER

July Day Exercises

Chairman, MARY ABBY VAN KLEECK

BESSIE PENDLETON BENSON

ELIZABETH ROBINSON JACKSON

ELIZABETH BIDDLECOME

CANDACE THURBER

Senior Week



Senior Dramatics

"Śakuntalā"

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 7.30 P. M.

Thursday, June 16, Dress Rehearsal; Friday, June 17, Saturday, June 18

Cast

DUSHYANTA, Rajah of India	MARGARET LINTON HOTCHKISS
MATHAVYA, Jester	ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT
KANWA, Sage	MARY COMER
DURVASAS, Sage	EDNA LEVI STERN
SARNGARAVA } Brahmans	{ MARGARET ELMENDORF DURYEE
SARADWATA }	{ LUCY SMITH
NARADA, a young hermit	MARGARET CLARISSA ESTABROOK
MITRAVASU, Superintendent of the City Police	OLIVE WARE
SUCHAKA } Constables	{ ELIZABETH ROBINSON JACKSON
JANUKA }	{ MARY ETHEL BANCROFT
VATAYANA, Chamberlain	MARY EMMA KIMBERLY
RAIVATAKA, Warder	EDITH VOM BAUR
KARABHAKA, Messenger	MARION BANCROFT PAIGE
MATALI, The Rajah's Charioteer	ELIZABETH FINLEY BARNARD
A FISHERMAN	ELIZABETH MABEL DANA
TWO HERALDS	{ BERTHA AUGUSTA ROBE
	{ LORA AGNES HOWE
SARVA-DAMANA, son of Dushyanta and Sakuntalā, afterwards Bharata	EMMA HANSELL DILL
SAKUNTALA, foster child of Kanwa, Dushyanta's queen	EDITH JEANETTE GOODE
ANASUYA } her attendants	{ BELLE CORWIN LUPTON
PRIYAMVADA }	{ FLORA JULIET BOWLEY
GAUTAMI, a holy matron	ELIZABETH BIDDLECOME
PARABHRITIKA } maidens in charge of the royal gardens	{ MABEL McKEIGHAN
MADIHUKARIKA }	{ HAZEL SANDERSON DAY
SUVRATA } attendants to Sarva-damana	{ MARIE BASSETT CONANT
CHATURIKA }	{ EDITH JANE MITCHELL
ATTENDANT ON Sakuntalā	LESLIE STAFFORD CRAWFORD

Baccalaureate Sunday

June 19



Christian Association Service

Music Hall 9.30 A. M.

Baccalaureate Exercises

First Congregational Church 4.00 P. M.

Sermon by President L. CLARKE SEELYE

Vesper Service

Assembly Hall 7.00 P. M.

Ivy Day

Monday, June 20

Chapel Services	9.00 A. M.
Ivy Exercises	10.00 A. M.
Society Reunions	4.00-6.00 P. M.
Art Exhibition	4.00-6.00 P. M.
Promenade Concert	7.00 P. M.
President's Reception	8.00-10.00 P. M.

Ivy Song

O'er the mountains June hath called.
Three times by her voice enthralled,
 But little have we known
 The meaning of her tone;
And scarcely have we heard
Her softly uttered word,
 "Follow me."
Three times have we said her nay,
Now it is our Ivy Day;
 Eagerly
Comes again her call—and lo!
'T is for us, and we must go.
 Follow, follow, follow free,
 Say yea. Say yea.

—Abby Shute Merchant

Ivy Oration

THE FREEDOM OF SERVICE



“All things are ours”: the phrase recalls mornings not a few throughout four years, marked off day by day and daily made of might by service of that service wherein we have repeated, each time with an increase of meaning, “All things are ours.”

From the first it has significance, even such as becomes real at nine o'clock in the morning to the Freshman who vividly foresees a miserable rout before ten at the hands of the uncompromising Livy. Although a first glance at this hymn may inspire the wretched reader with nothing more than wonder at the astonishing confidence of the author, it finally succeeds in carrying with it into the fainting heart more conviction than did the prospect of the terrifying Livy, and the promise that “All things are ours” begins at such a time to mean all possible possibilities, to be won notwithstanding or perhaps even by the help of such imminent disasters. The realization comes with a force of exhilaration which may bear the Freshman all-unprepared yet valiant through the defeat, to emerge not as of the vanquished, but with *standards erect* and with all the honors of war.

Now that the widening years have somewhat spread things out for us, the dynamic phrase comes to mean all possible realities: that all things are ours in truth, not only as possibilities, but as actual possessions.

In the Veda it is told that Indra, holding fuel in his hands, as is the custom of a pupil approaching his master, came to Prajapati, lord of creatures, and dwelt with him thirty-two years. At the end of this time Prajapati asked him wherefore he had come. Indra replied, “Sir, this saying of yours has been repeated, ‘That self which has performed certain rites and accomplished certain things obtains all worlds and all desires.’ Even such a self do I desire.” “Live with me another thirty-two years,” said Prajapati. One hundred and five years in all did Indra dwell as pupil to Prajapati before he found the magic talisman which should give to him all worlds and all desires, the theme of Prajapati’s teaching being ever that of the universal teacher of all time, expressed by a later one:

“Resolve to be thyself and know that he
Who finds himself loses his misery.”

The search for that open-sesame before whose magic power shall suddenly swing wide the gates to "all worlds and all desires," is perhaps still as arduous as it was in the student days of Indra, but now at the end of four pitifully short years devoted to it, we may surely tell ourselves that we have come upon a slightly nearer and clearer view of the Heavenly vision. The Grail is not before us that we have only to reach out and touch it, but we can see it shining afar off, and it may not again pass by and find us unaware of its presence. The quest has become definitely subjective. The key that shall unlock for us all worlds and all desires we look for in the full meaning of the word Possession. It is no longer merely to own—that we may break. We begin to define it weakly, in negatives, knowing meanwhile that it is too wide for definition, being universal.

The imperishable property which college gives us is so differentiated that its phrases are incapable of enumeration, but its recognition is included in a great thankfulness whenever a certain splendid vision of grace and glory rises within us, envelops us, and fills the spaces as with light and the rushing of wings: that vision radiant which no one who has not been one of us can ever see or understand. Yet sometimes it becomes the privilege of one to choose a certain member out of this manifold possession and to point out its individual play to those who may be observing only its team work. It is permitted to speak of that player without whom there might be no game, or at best a spiritless one with the comparatively feeble substitute Gratitude, in the place of that one whose efficient co-operation supplies the motive force of greatest might, Free Service.

Now this Free Service is a factor which does not in the least appeal to our reason, to satisfy the demands of which we often speak of it under the name of that inadequate and unworthy substitute Gratitude; but lies in a sphere so far transcending that of every-day, eye-for-an-eye reason, as does the spirit of Free Service transcend the spirit of commercialism. The latter is merely honor or rather egotism, exacting payment. Even less than that is much which goes by the name of service. Most of it is barter: the transaction of hirelings. Who seeks to serve his own ends alone is most the slave and the great body of many armies is the Hessian troop. Pure Service unremunerative is given to few, for it is the prerogative of kings; yet this too is ours as are all things, and it is for the realization of this that we are rendering our special thanks.

When from time to time we have elected our presidents, it has been for three reasons which may have escaped our attention in the excitement of election day and in the glamor of the clear September evening, when a closely-packed throng and closely bound together, with even footsteps ringing echoes from the pavements, four times has swung along across the campus till finding the now

twice desired one, the serried ranks were halted and a hundred voices shouted: "Here's to you!"

These were the reasons: First, that this one's service had been of value recognized by the class, a service of loyalty, active or passive according as the opportunity had been hers, to put it to the test or merely "to stand and wait." The second ground causally adjoins the first: that this of all was the fittest to serve in future, for it is the only divine right of kings that they are chosen for leaders who best know how to obey. The third reason was that this was the one whom we most loved, and to whom, therefore, we wished to give the highest honor; the highest honor consisting of opportunity for further service. Little knowing the full weight of the iron-rimmed crown,—such was our tribute. Moreover, not only in the election of class presidents, but in all offices which are termed college honors, the successful candidate is of necessity that one who fulfills to the greatest degree, the greatest number of these three subtle, scarce-recognized requirements. Of this threefold order are our captains and committees, and so it shall be with all classes that come after us as with those who have gone before.

And even so it is in a larger world, where a prince's motto is "Ich Dien." But again in the pomp and splendor of royalty the presence of pure service unremunerative is not easily perceived, and indeed if it were it would be the less free service, since the recognition of it would be something in the way of reward. On the contrary the very pomp and splendor are naturally supposed to be rewards in themselves, as though the man who wears a fine coat should derive any æsthetic satisfaction from it, beyond that gained in the first adjustment. The direct benefit is of necessity for the beholder. Moreover, granted so much to be understood, one will say, "But surely, if none other, there is reward for service in witnessing its effect in benefit of others?" Yet what of him who truly serves and still must see his service go for naught, his labor, to all appearance, prove ineffectual? His is the peculiar claim to Free Service. It is without reward and it is glorious. And to him, knowing that it is glorious, is given to have all worlds and all desires.

Such is the knowledge that we seek, and with this title to royalty we go forth to find such a kingdom, trusting that it may be counted worthy the establishment therein of the name of our well-loved college; honorable, through the honor of serving *in all things* Him who "Doth not need either man's work or His own gifts."

. ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT

Commencement Day

Tuesday, June 21

Commencement Exercises

COLLEGE HALL 10.00 A. M.

Orator, HENRY VAN DYKE

Collation

ALUMNÆ GYMNASIUM 12 M.

Alumna Meeting

4.00-6.00 P. M.

Class Supper

STUDENTS' BUILDING 7.00 P. M.

Class Supper

Tuesday, June 21, Students' Building, 7.00 p. m.

"O—dinner! — — I trust that we have a large supply of provisions."
—*Sakuntalā*, Act I, Scene 1

WINIFRED RAND, *Toastmistress*

- | | | |
|------|--|----------------------------|
| I. | The College and The Faculty | MARY COMER |
| | "You have done a great service."— <i>Act III, Scene 2.</i> | |
| | Freshman Class History | CANDACE THURBER |
| II. | 1904's Alphabet A.B. B.S. B.L. M.R.S.(?) | ALICE BERRY WRIGHT |
| | "Tell me not that it is impossible; I can not give up hope."— <i>Act I, Scene 1.</i> | |
| | Sophomore Class History | ESTHER JOSEPHINE SANDERSON |
| III. | 1904 in Cap and Gown | MABEL MERWYN BARKLEY |
| | "Oh no, no, no, no."— <i>Act II, Scene 1.</i> | |
| | Junior Class History | OLIVE CHAPIN HIGGINS |
| IV. | 1904 in the Hindoo Drama | EDNA CUSHING |
| | "H'm! This must be something quite remarkable."— <i>Act I, Scene 1.</i> | |
| | Senior Class History | LUCIE LONDON |
| V. | The Class of 1904 | MARY EMMA KIMBERLY |
| | She's a good one to the core. | |
| | "We have worshipped thee alway."— <i>Act II, Scene 2.</i> | |

Freshman Class History

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

SENIORS who are on the eve of becoming alumnae and—who knows—intelligent gentlewomen, it is my opportunity to speak to you to-night on a subject of origins. Together we have contemplated the beginnings of the British Constitution; we have examined the theory that our earliest ancestor was an oyster; we must now turn our minds to a more obtruse matter—members of 1904, we were once Freshmen. It is with great hesitation that I am venturing to treat this subject before those who have followed the footsteps of Napoleon, and considered ethical problems and Browning's love poetry with different masculine members of the faculty, but this task has been looking me in the face for three years and it is now time to grapple with it. To all the members of 1904 who have aided me with memorabilia, letters and other documents I extend my heart-felt thanks—a preface would not be a preface without acknowledgments—and I beg that they will not take offense at the use I have made of the material.

CHAPTER I.

On the 24th of September of the year 1900 a horde of barbarians descended upon the peaceful little town of Northampton.¹ This was nothing new, as since the days of the Indians the town has been inured to yearly invasions. A parallel between these invaders may be of use. The Indians came by stealth with war paint and tomahawks, while these barbarians came by train with solitious parents. The Indians were met by elders of the Edwards church with shot-guns, while these were received by members of the S. C. A. C. W. with badges. The entertainment afforded the first invaders was alternate whiskey and bullets, while the latter were treated to Freshmen Frolics, Sophomore receptions, stunt parties, Welsh rarebits, campus dances, plays, ice cream, lemonade and course cards. The Indians showed symptoms of the desire to paint the town red, while this Freshman class was so desirous of painting it purple that they endeavored to place a 1904 banner on the flagstaff of College Hall on Washington's Birthday, but were discouraged by John and the council. I shall not dwell on the barbarity or unsophistication of this Freshman class which would only be painful to my audience, but will refer those who wish to make a special study of this subject to the grind books of past years which are not on reference in the reading room.

¹ Gulliver's History of Massachusetts.

or the company of those professional bores who deal in Freshman jokes. The attitude of the college toward these disturbers of the peace was most exemplary. With the true missionary spirit acquired every fourth Tuesday night by all those who go to the meeting, they determined to instill—not civilization at the point of the sword, the prayer-book and the whiskey bottle—but college spirit through lung power and the basketball. This adaptation of the exquisite little verse in the *Hunting of the Snark* is suggestive of their methods:

“They sought them with cordial commands to call,
They sought them with membership blanks,
They threatened their life with the basketball,
They pursued them with pain and pranks.”

In the whole course of history there is no record of any process of civilization which took place with such lightning rapidity. From the day when the Junior vice-president led the first Freshman Class meeting to the Washington's Birthday Rally the horde of barbarians had become a class. Nineteen four had learned these three things—the foundation of education, which will be taken up in successive chapters, 1st, to fear the upper classes; 2nd, to dread the faculty; 3rd, to hate the Sophomores.

CHAPTER III.

NINETEEN FOUR AND THE UPPER CLASSES

Carlyle in his *Heroes and Hero Worship* has shown that the power of admiration is one of the greatest things in human nature. If this is true 1904 was truly a large-souled class. It soon picked out the Olympians among the upper classes and either kept a worshipful distance or exultingly spoke of them by their first names. There was an officer of the Senior class who out of office hours won hearts by her stunts.¹ There were the basketball coaches who had sundry other talents.² There was the hero-in-chief of house plays—an officer of the Junior Class.³ Any number of her autographs are preserved. It is to be hoped that some day the upper floor of the Students' Building will be turned into a museum for such relics. I append an extract from a letter written by a member of 1904 after seeing her first house play.

“I have seen a girl take the part of a man so that you forgot she was not one. She made love and nobody laughed. The heroine was only one degree less wonderful and—think of it—I, even I, went without supper to curl her hair with the curling irons for the dress rehearsal.”

Was ever a Boswell so obsequiously admiring before? Lest this chapter should bring up too many tender memories we will go on to the next.

CHAPTER IIII.

NINETEEN FOUR AND THE FACULTY

When the faculty realized that this invasion was more formidable than any of previous years, they decided to do away with as many of the invaders as

¹ *Memoirs of Prostrated Freshman.*

² *Memoirs of Baron Munchausen.*

³ *Letters to a Solicitous Parent.*

possible by prevailing upon them to change over from B. L. to B. A. They offered them Scylla or Charyldis in the shape of Math. or logic, whereby they might send as many as possible back to the woods at Midyears. Then they set to work to civilize the rest. Their methods were not those of the student body. They scorned athletics and the social life, but they tried to improve them mentally by teaching them how Hannibal removed mountains by pouring vinegar on them.¹ They tried to improve them morally by compulsory chapel attendance and President's lectures, and they tried to improve them physically by telling them "the good scholar must first be a good animal" and sending them to the gymnasium to be draped in blue canton flannel and have their chests measured.

CHAPTER IV.

NINETEEN FOUR AND THE SOPHOMORES

The class of 1903 never overcame the barbaric tendencies of its own Freshman year. It was born to bully as much as the lady-like traditions of the College would permit. When it won the basketball game with a score of 38 to 6 it sang unusually impudent war songs. It found that it had met a rival which knew how to take defeat gracefully and bide the time to strike—a fact which it was barely able to appreciate, as grace was not a characteristic of its own way of enjoying success or defeat.

CHAPTER V.

CONCLUSION

In my preface I warned you of my inability to deal with so important a subject as the origin of this famous class. If the beginnings seem humble and you discern with one member of the class who left at the end of the first year the resemblance between Northampton and an African village and cry out that "it is better to be second in Rome than first * * *" in such restricted confines, I can only beg you to seek Rome and seek it quickly. We have once been Freshmen and we are not ashamed of it. For one whole year we have been pygmies trembling at a frown of the Olympians and boasting our prowess behind their revered backs.

We have been semi-barbarous savages unable to speak the slang of the College, but without these beginnings there never would have been any endings, and my illustrious colleagues who are going to show you the pageant of your later greatness would have had nothing to write about.

CANDACE THURBER

¹ Levy and Polybios.

Sophomore Class History

"Oh! when we came, we came,
And now we're here, we're here,
And now the class of 1904
Was not a single peer."



HIS kept running through our minds, as the trains from the north and south brought us back to the dear old Knowledge Box after our first summer vacation. With what a grandmotherly spirit we gazed upon the young Freshmen who, in their eagerness to know what it was all like, were learning from a talkative tourist that "Smith's" was that group of buildings on Hospital Hill. And we didn't have time to correct that impression, for we reached the station, and were falling upon the necks of various white-badged friends, burbling our joy at seeing them in the flesh again.

But although we felt ourselves such integral parts of the College with the distinctive duty of looking after the little ones, yet it must be confessed that the sensations of those first days were as confused as any newcomer's ought to be. For in order to show that we were accustomed to things, instead of unpacking, we tore from Dan to Beersheba and back again, to greet each new arrival, and gather tales of the summer's doings at the mountains or by the sea. When we finally did bring ourselves down to a sober life of course cards and picture hanging, we took stock of our number to see if all were back. But alas! some had left us to make sunshine in the home, and a few had decided that they preferred to spend the winter dancing the light fantastic, instead of treading with us the winepress of erudition. Pax eiscum! We, too, will soon be out in the wide, wide world.

But it was with far deeper things that our youthful brains were soon filled. For we saw early that with all the joy which Sophomore year brings, there is work to do and lots of it. Biblical literature riveted our attention on oursyllabus. Many of us found that things really are not what they have seemed. How often a campus-house luncheon has been disturbed by the excited tones of flushed damsels announcing as an ultimatum that Jonah did *not* swallow the whale,—at least, that it is only a myth! And when the Bible paper—for the English department—came on just before Christmas, we learned what grief was, as "Lamentations" over "In Memoriam" were heard behind closed busy-signed doors. (But we are skipping. In a history, things should be done decently and in order.)

The joy of that first class meeting, when we elected our new class officers, and the excitement with which we serenaded them that night, cheering lustily whenever we could get a speech! There is nothing like such a moment to draw people together, and the class of 1904 knows how to do it if there ever was one. For some reason or other, new social regulations came out soon, and we were requested to make them a part of ourselves. We were sorry to see that our friends across the river were restricted to staying at home on certain days. But then, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," and the annex seems to be flourishing.

Innovations never come singly, and some of them rejoiced the heart of the athletic girl. The great game of hockey was introduced that fall, and this gave a chance to many to show their skill out-of-doors. Of course the newspapers were much interested, and commented in their usual genial manner. Even the staid old "Republican" waxed eloquent upon the subject, and gave a whole page of its Sunday issue to pictures of the girls at play, and a discussion of the advantages and disadvantages of the game. On the whole, it approved, but in passing judgment upon the dress of the players it lamented that "a gym suit ample as a buffalo robe is not characterized by witchery of design." And so we must always be beautiful? Yet for all that, we played on, and grew strong for the day's work.

The weeks flew by apace bringing Mid-year as an antedote to Christmas joys. But the least said of those strenuous days the better, for the Copper Kettle was not yet in existence, and we lacked its sustaining cheer to help us on our way through mazes of freshly-gathered knowledge. It has always been our plan to try to forget unpleasant things, and so we revived our drooping spirits with the rally. Was there ever a more enthusiastic mob than ours, as, after the singing was over, we tore round and round the Gym, carrying in triumph our beloved president? And then the great and immortal basketball game. What was the score? Let's say it slowly: 55 to 19! The score seems to weave itself in with that tantalizing but joyous refrain:

" You can't get a ball!
You can't get a ball!
You can't get a ball!
Hooray!
For the team of 1904
Is a good one to the core.
It raises such a score,
The Freshmen are no more!

The culmination of this part of the year's successes was the Competitive Drill; the time when we first could do apparatus work, and show forth our stars. And oh! that moment when the cup was brought out with the streamers of glorious purple upon it! That was a day to conjure by.

Spring term Sophomore year. What does it not bring up in the minds of us all? The Senior sings on the steps of chapel in the evening, when we sang back to them from Seelye; the sunset picnics when our Senior friends philosophized upon life, and we listened; the rows upon Paradise; and the thousand and one merry doings of that good season, which ended all too soon with Commencement.

And "Romeo and Juliet"? It made such an impression on us Thursday night, that,—well—we saw it the other two nights. There is more than one way to enjoy yourself, and fire-escapes are helps over hard places. And then to use the words of Louis XV, after that, the deluge. The skies wept with us, because we had to lose our dear sister class. But toward night, when the lanterns were all hung on the back campus, it cleared up for a little space. And walking up and down under the flickering lights, past the grand old Seniors carrying our roses, which filled the air with their fragrance, we began to realize that the "glad wild ways of our Sophomore days" were passing—and that it had been good.

ESTHER JOSEPHINE SANDERSON

Junior Class History



ND we came for the third time! It was an old game now, and we were so used to it we didn't mind at all the long wait for Mr. Cheeseman. We didn't mind so much the bare rooms and faded paper with the spots where the pictures had been, the curtainless windows, and the locked, untenanted desks. We had, somehow, grown rather fond of it all. We bore over-intimate greetings from those we knew little, even smilingly. We were, after all, glad to be back, although we didn't know at the beginning what a wonderful year it was to be.

We were glad to find that first night, almost everyone living in their old haunts; the Dickinson House still unchanged with Bob and Budge moved into the red corner room. And in the Morris the same old people—Mollie and Polly, Hidie and the others—Oh, we had gotten now all the nicknames settled,—Pop Field and Nat. It was good to know where to find everyone. The Hubbard, the Allbright the same as ever, the two Macs still in the Dewey, and poor Mabel still on the waiting list. Of course there were some changes. The enormous 1904 list at the Tyler was increased a bit, C. T. had found her way on to the campus, and Cushie had moved down from 150. Garrie had chosen the Morris; and our aristocratic Dot, too. And Plymouth—poor Plymouth! Nineteen four in a body had deserted her. It was too bad. It proved to be an awful blow,—the death-blow of her brilliant existence.

There were other changes, too. We went to Chapel in Room 6. Or wasn't it Room 6? We looked out of the windows that belonged to Room 6, but we sat beneath the rafters that belonged to Assembly Hall. Something strange had happened. We looked for Miss Jordan on the platform of Room 6, and listened for English 13 themes; but we saw the President and heard morning prayers. Of course. We had forgotten it was 8.40, and we were, after all, at Chapel. But why in Room 6? We heard the organ and the choir. We looked for Dr. Blodgett. It suddenly seemed, somehow, that we were gazing through a pair of opera glasses the wrong way round. We were sitting in Room 6, but look up—and there afar way off were the familiar organ pipes, the familiar rafters, the familiar bits of precious stained glass, and—as sure as life—Dr. Blodgett, a mere speck in

the distance. The effect was strange. It made one a bit dizzy at first, but we grew used to it. Something had happened to the Haven House, too. There seemed to be more of it. It had spread like ink on blotting paper—or running nasturtiums. And the Students' Building! It was really becoming an actuality. We were glad of that. We needed room sadly, for magazines and papers and things. In some way or other the Reading Room had gone the same way as Room 6. It seemed to be in existence, but it wasn't. Couldn't Room 6 prove some wonderful metaphysical question? It is, and it is not,—just as you choose to believe. Never mind.

Our Junior year we began Philosophy, Psych, Logic and the rest. Psychology 3 was remarkably popular, even though we were advised against it. It was so popular that we understand the course was made harder, with more frequent tests and more papers than usual. But still we pulled through somehow or other, Mary Duncan and all. We had learned how and when to study now. We had learned how to live here, how to enjoy the swing and sweep of it all. We were liking it immensely, more than ever, and we were glad we didn't stop after Freshman year, or go the happy way of Bush and May. We liked it all, you see, more than we could quite say.

We were proud of 1906. We liked her a lot. And how we cheered for her, along with Mabel and Dilly and Rite, on the great basketball day. And the stairs of the Dickinson House, how they wore away beneath her feet. And on Rally Day—well—somehow or other, as we stood in a bunch and watched the flying red, we felt a strange glad feeling that we were leaving a wonderful class behind.

Of course we went to the Prom. The Students' Building was just completed, —a bare place with no furniture, no curtains, with a discouraging, clean, white-pine appearance. But 1905, even without the aid of the forbidden bagdads, did wonders. There was an airiness about it! And the rooms, decorated with garlands of tissue-paper flowers, were really a relief after the usual Turkish room,—Miss Berenson's office—with its daggers and brass idols. We walked up and down the lanterned paths, we sat beneath the paper flowers, we were indeed interested to see if, really as they said, we'd lost, through college, the art of small talk. And we stopped dancing at eleven.

Well, and so finally came the long spring days, with the wonderful evenings on the Campus. During the warm nights, as we lay speeding along on the construction cars, under the full summer moon, we realized a little hazily that the year was coming to a close. We were really nearing the end. We would soon

be saying good-bye to dear Starboard. We had grown tremendously fond of him. A little more and the curtain would be dropping for the last time on Love's Labor's Lost. And as we sat on the cold concrete floor in the basement of the Gym making, leaf by leaf, the long ivy chain, we might say—if we were allowed to be a little sentimental—it somehow in someway seemed to link us all quite closely together. We felt vaguely that, a little while, and flowers would be twined for *our* good-bye; a little more and the curtain would be dropping for the last time on—but that was the question—Shakespeare or Kalidasa? But we had a year yet to live. We locked our trunks that last night not too sadly, for they'd be coming back again in the fall. We waved good-bye to one another not too unhappily, for, a few weeks, and we'd be together again. And then 1904—we caught our breath, it startled us a bit—would be leading out of Chapel!

OLIVE CHAPIN HIGGINS

Senior Class History



RALLY song may seldom be called a ballad. It is only when it is not only communal but universal, as we learned while assisting the drama to rise Sophomore year, and when it presents the greatest facts in the fewest possible words, that it attains this distinction. Yet we have one such among us, which we have occasionally reiterated, in that prophetic verse,

“When we came we came,
And now we're here, we're here,
And now the class of 1904
Has not a single peer.”

All the great, the elemental truths pithily expressed in these four conclusive lines have been particularly true of our Senior year. In the rhetorical form so popular at one of our famous class meetings, may I ask just one question? Have we a peer? The answer to this is so obvious that a reply would be an insult to the intelligence of any adult over three years of age. Hence none is made, and to the fact of our being here I need call no attention. We have not only always been here, but also “up and coming.”

There was a certain definite crispness about our return in the fall. Three years' practice had rendered our adjustments with the redoubtable and only baggage man comparatively simple—and, having made these and kissed those members of the friendly S. C. A. C. W. reception committee who did not mistake us for frightened Freshmen, we settled down with a cheerful disregard of the campus house charge of five dollars a tack and a certain calmness of manner about filling out our course card which was not ours three years before. With all the zeal of accumulated strength and energy those of us who had been having a quiet, restful summer, determined on flights into philosophical and historical fields, while those of us who had been enjoying “a perfectly fascinating time but were all worn out, my dear,” languidly inquired after the not too confining two-hour elective and the entrancing one-hour course which is so helpful in solving the arithmetical difficulty met with in arranging the minimum.

But even while all this was going on there was in the air a murmural question later to develop into a positive roar of inquiry, “Shall we depart?” Depart from

College? From Northampton? Oh, dear me, no! But from a gentleman, long rendered famous by the skilful presentation of his plays at Smith. From one whom, carefully annotated by Mr. Rolfe, we had cherished in our hearts since early childhood, as early that is as we decided to go to college, and his works were a part of the required preparation; in a word from Mr. Shakespeare. Easy enough to say "depart," but where to go? Aye, there was the rub. We had, however, a wonderful committee to help us, and as one man, and as a mile post, they pointed the way solemnly "To India." Then many were the discussions, great were the oratorical flights, heavy was the sarcasm, loud the universal applause, and clever indeed the sally on both sides. Should we leave our William for a playing fountain and verses from the golden treasury? Was he hackneyed? And then, a comforting word was brought. Kalidasa was merely another, a Hindoo Shakespeare. From this point of view we would not be entirely deserting the idol of our youth. Besides we had a talented young poet of our own to Westernize any too glaringly Eastern efforts of Kalidasa, and produce for us an excellent acting version.

Nineteen four was never one when departing to go only a short distance, say to Holyoke or Mt. Tom Junction. It was to India we were going, and all the way. We would consult pronouncing dictionaries, and friendly missionaries, and arrive. In order to do so without leaving any articles in the car, that is to say without making any mistakes along the way, we elected a Dramatics Committee, distinguished alike for hard sense and that elusive but necessary ability called executive. After that, behind every door in every building an ardent Dushyanta pleaded an eager suit or a tender Sakuntalá shrilled melting confessions of love to a collegiate chiffonier, murmuring

"All that I know is I long for thee so
Day after day and night after night."

Then later on we were assorted, like Lowney's candy, with a name on every piece, only we weren't always sure how to pronounce the name. Mysterious persons were seen bearing a certain brown volume to and from the Old Gym, from which in the early morning hours issued the sound of explosive puffs, not made by a steam engine, but in the interests of voice culture—And thus Sakuntalá was well launched in the sea of dramatic enterprises.

About November, to be accurate, we began to be noticed, suit-case in hand, hair freshly curled, and, with a slightly pre-occupied but pleasant expression, hurrying down Main Street. We were not going off on an enjoyable little trip, not at all. We invariably sheepishly turned off towards the "Studio." And let it be here formally stated that we are the first class for whom it has ever been necessary

to establish a studio in order that full justice might be done its beauty. Other classes have been quickly photographed in a month or two's time, but it was only fair to us to devote a winter to it. The results have not been all in vain. Ambition is not dead yet within us. We each still secretly hope that, copyrighted, we may steal into the pages of the Ladies' Home Journal as an interesting type, with a bright white light on our noses and a pensive look in our eyes, with our best clothes done full justice to. If we don't achieve this greatness singly, there is a possible chance that we may do so in groups—either lighting each other to bed in a friendly way with a candle, as you've often seen us do it—electricity and gas are so dim; or, in evening dress cosily seated around a bright fire, happily whiling away the long winter evenings, telling each other pretty stories. This last-mentioned group may have represented a substitution of the ideals for the real, for we were occasionally seen during a snow flurry huddled around a radiator, wondering why the heat was all concentrated some place else. However, the open fire was infinitely more picturesque, and as Tolstoi says, "What is Art?" What, indeed, without a little poetical license! And there is always the encouraging thought that, even if we don't get into the illustrated papers, even now many likenesses of us at work and at play are on exhibition at the World's Fair. There is one remarkable one among them in which we are shown as having overcome our natural timidity and filled up the front seats in Chapel.

No one has shown a greater desire to keep 1904 permanently at Smith this winter than the clerk of the weather. He evidently wanted to get us so permanently snow-bound that we would just stay right on always, and so continued to send us snow-storms until far beyond the scheduled time for spring. But he finally decided that even a prolonged winter couldn't prevent commencement, and submitted to the inevitable, doubtless remembering how he had helped us to kill time during our long, much-talked-of ten days at Mid-years by supplying us with an elegant crust on which we made swift and rotating little journeys to the bottom of all available hills, on improvised vehicles.

It was shortly after this that the Unicorn began to tire of his purple coat. He pined for a cap and gown. He would wear the scholar's garb, even at the risk of injuring his matrimonial chances by an assumption of too great wisdom. And for a week, technically speaking, the cap and gown were his. When lo! his enthusiasm waned. The powers had frowned and he reconsidered. He feared the effect on a windy day, and cast from him the sombre black, resolved to be clad at commencement in purple and fine linen. And to the acquiring of this he respectfully dedicated the major portion of the Spring Vacation. And then—Spring Term. To attempt to describe it is like painting the lily—or carrying

ices to Kingsley's, distinctly unnecessary. We know what it has been and we all value it, each probably for something a little bit different from anyone else, and yet without doubt there is not one of us who has not found time during it to look back over the whole year, and smile in that contented way peculiar to the Cheshire cat and the Class of 1904 when contemplating its own career. Under our direction and encouraged by our spirited singing, the Sophomores of course won the big game; we ourselves triumphed at hockey, and cast from us all thought of material reward in the shape of a cup for the Gym drills, preferring to strive for form and glory alone. The fame of our Glee Club Concert went before it and, unprecedented occurrence!—many a first invitation was accepted, while the number of men any one girl invited never ran higher than three or four.

This year, as in all the others, 1904 has ever rejoiced to depart from conventional lines to something better. Perhaps the greatest proof we have shown of this is that ours was the first class to rise when the President comes into Chapel.

Yet even for us time could not linger, though we would have been willing to tie the apple blossoms on the trees to keep them there a little while longer, and to abolish calendars entirely, yet nevertheless Senior week steadily descended and was upon us, bringing with it a steady influx of interested parents and friends, and so we say, very well then, let time pass, for after all that it does make no difference in a fact which has been creeping over us steadily for the last four years that 1904 was, is, and will be,

"The first, the best, the only one,
The finest class in college."

LUCIE SMITH LONDON

Verse

The Ode for Washington's Birthday

THE iron-ribbed monsters glisten in the sun
Above the pallid level of the streets;
To their deaf ears scarce mounts the clang of cars
Swinging the curve close on disaster's heels,
Or din of trucks and hoarse, discordant cries
That in and out this Mardigras of life
Mortgage with pain the mirth of rich and poor.
The great brown wharves with laps high piled with grain,
Tender their offerings to the giant ships
Lying at anchor, and far down the bay
The country's goddess bathed in morning light,
Great Liberty, with sun-touched torch in hand,
Watches o'er all, but smiles an iron smile,
For she is symbol of our land and age.
And why has she been chosen guardian soul
When all our hearts are bound by grievous cares,
Menaced by greed of riches, drunk with power,
Fair Liberty, beneath whose venturous feet
The gray hills thrilled before man knew the earth?
Her quivering, leaping spirit stands transformed
To rigid precedent and artful form,
A doll France sent to reawake in us
Thoughts of our infancy when first we took
Our tottering steps before a hostile world.
In sooth we might have fallen had no hand
Been there to guide, to steady, and sustain,
Enfeebled as we were by doubt and hate.
Our heedless mother, moved by greed of gain,
Had grown our direst foe, with honor pledged
To force a blind subservience to her pride.
The soul of our opposing was our own,
A man of all men, simple, great and strong,
The man whose birth today commemorates,
Washington, soldier, statesman, gentleman,
A soul so great that no sphere seemed too small
Or too world-wide for chance of serving men—
In forest stretches where behind each copse
Lurked a lithe savage waiting for his prey,
In council meeting where the trusted men
Of proud Virginia sat with look intent,
In open field, or where the piercing stars

Shone on the bloody snow of Valley Forge,
In stately progress through the flower-strewn streets.
The world's great herald of a sovereign state,
In all the crises of tumultuous times
His hand was swift to smite, his will to dare.
And Arthur's kingdom, raised by Merlin's spell
Was no more vision or deluding dream
Than this republic of the new-found world
Without such hearts as rallied to his aid.
The knights who fought to make our dream a truth,
Wore rags instead of armor, and endured
Long fasts and vigils, oft-times murmuring
Because they thought it was a fruitless quest.
Yet as the king who had in former days
Been pattern of the best to all his knights,
So Washington was made a king of shadows,
And while he seemed unshaken by defeat,
In victory they thought he was not glad.
King Arthur's kingdom vanished with the king.
But Liberty breathes on in every life
In this great city, symbol of the land
And of the age we live in.
This is the spirit struggling with our greed,
A manly spirit winning reverence.
Each night the statue standing in the harbor's mouth
Holds high her torch above the fog and mist;
Each night in peace slumber the giant ships,
With dawn to carry forth the truce of God.

CANDACE THURBER



For the Madness of Out of Doors

Oh, it's not love, it's not love!
 It's only the world and I!
And it's not the red of the passionate rose,
 But the far cold red of the sky!
And whether the wind lean down like a fate
 And sing to the stripped trees their dole,
Myself is running apace with the world;
 Myself and the world's over soul!
Oh, it's not love, it's not love!
 It's only the world and I!
It's only this joy of the being alive,
 And the singing up to the sky!

Oh, it's not love, it's not love!
 It's only the song and the leap!
It's only the lifting of arms to the moon,
 Half-poised on the sky-cliff's steep,
And whether the wind swoop down like a hawk,
 And wrest the day from the land,—
Myself is praying the world-prayer strong,
 And standing where world-priests stand.
And soon as the temple veil of the clouds,
 Is rent by my wild, high prayer,
The temple lights of the stars shine out
 And the Moon God stands in the air.
Oh, it's not love, it's not love
 That makes me worship and cry;
It's only the prayer of the world and myself,
 To the rest of the world in the sky!

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

Life's not a goblet to be drained
 To bitter dregs, then flung away;
Life is a goblet to be filled
 With love and joy from every day.

BROOKE VAN DYKE

Pierrot and Pierrette

Like fairy flowers that dancing go,
Freed from the earth-bound silent stem,
Onward, whenever light winds blow,
Careless and gay. We are like them,
Dancing wherever songs are set—
We, Pierrot and Pierrette.

The other Pierrettes are fair,
Their light forms leap like birds on bough
Their step can scarcely downward bear
The twig they lighted on but now.
Sweetheart, your foot is lighter yet—
You are as swadown, Pierrette.

When we alone together stand,
The other dancers far away,
I may not touch your still, white hand,
You are more coy and grave than they.
Yet your dark eyes, ah! brave coquette,
Turn to my wooing, Pierrette.

What is this garb I nightly wear?
This ruff that frames my painted face?
With a man's passion could I dare
To fold you in a clown's embrace?
But a man's heart beats loud, my Pet,
'Neath the fool's trappings, Pierrette.

We laughed so well one night, my Sweet,
We did not seem to think or care
Who saw us—while our dancing feet
Mocked with their fleetness birds of air.
That first glad night can you forget?
Think, and be tender, Pierrette.

The strains uprise, we two must go
Out from our sheltered hiding place;
Out to the world, the dance, the glow
Of light and laughter, strength and grace.
Kiss me but once, that I may get
Heart for the going, Pierrette.

FRANCES ALLEN

Spring

A willing captive by the sun-god led,
Following his golden chariot from the East,
Spring tripped demurely to earth's jocund feast,
And paused amid a valley in the hills.
In fluent robes of grey sweet Spring was clad,
A veil of lambent mist about her head,
But when her robes the little breezes spread,
A myriad of dainty colors gleamed
And vanished, only to gleam forth again
Like fitting sunbeams in an April rain.

And midst the guests that idled on the grass,
Quaffing leaf-crowned goblets of sunshine,
Spring in her gleaming vestments moved about,
While they with welcome shout,
And garlands odorous of the pungent thyme
And melody and pretty metered rhyme
Paid tribute to the maiden as she passed.
The new blood thrills and mounts up in their veins,
Eternal youth and sunshine o'er them reigns,
And Spring again a conquest gains.

Lightly she danced, her footsteps turned
Now here, now there. The guests ecstatic burned
With warm desire to gaze upon her face,
Enkindled by this sweet illusive grace
Which promised all things to them and gave none.

But with a mixture of delight and fear,
At what she saw her power had evoked,
She paused a second in her blithe career,
Fingered her lip, her dainty head down bent,
The great cowl hiding all her shimmering hair,
Swaying her hesitation, as in the air
The wind-flower hesitates upon its stem
As doubting whether here with us to stay
Or spread its little wings and fly away.

She caught her misty robings in her hands,
Two snow-white lilies set in mosses sweet,
And drawing them about her slender length
Displayed her violet-ensandled feet,
One pressed 'gainst earth, one raised upon the toe

As though she were in haste yet loth to go,
 Then wantonly a gentle, sportive breeze,
 Fluttering the edges of her soft grey hood,
 Blew it aside and her bright head
 Gleamed like the sunbeam on a grey cloud shed
 Or golden butterfly on some sere leaf.
 Her radiant hair went flying in the wind,
 And as she strove to check its flight, the grey
 And monkish vestment from her body fell,
 And there she stood the lovely Spring, unmasked,
 The dear beloved sweet-heart of our youth,
 The constant-fickle, wildly-gentle Spring.

ABBY SHUTE MERCHANT

Service

In the quiet haze of a summer day,
 The green and grey of earth and sky,
 A forest of trees stretching far away,—
 All in the land of dreams they lie.
 God's sunlight in the sky above,
 And in our hearts a Dream of Love.

Over the city a low-lying cloud,
 Blackened by smoke of factory fires;
 Beneath are the homes of the toiling crowd,
 And in their midst the strong church spires.
 God's peace within a world of strife,
 And in our hearts Belief in Life.

To love, to dream the semblance of what seems,
 Yet not to live
 Until from out our strength of dreams
 We learn to give
 Ourselves—the life akin to that above—
 In Service. So through Life, through Love,
 To find Strong Faith in God.

MARY ABBY VAN KLEECK

To Dagnan-Bouveret's Madonna

O Mary, Mother, clad in solemn white,
Press soft against thy cheek the tiny face.
Thy lips are almost smiling with the light—
The radiance of love's grace.

But deep within thy grave, far-seeing eyes
A shadow lowers of pain beyond the joy,
Which darkens when the Christ for mankind dies—
Hold close thy Little Boy.

MURIEL STURGIS HAYNES

Centrifugal Force

Unceasingly before the Heavenly gate,
Beyond the reach of miles, beyond the years,
From her celestial hurdy-gurdy, Fate
Stands grinding out the music of the spheres.

So through the realms of interstellar space,
All runs by cycles of unnumbered rank,
While these on greater orbits join the race,
And on this planet, Fashion turns the crank.

Around the swiftly whirling disc, around
The wretched atoms on their narrow track
Like Ixion revolve, yet they, unbound,
Cling ever closer to their chosen rack.

Yet some have been who wearied of the strain
And dared to free themselves and soar afar
Along a tangent path with glowing train,
A blaze of light, as all mad comets are.

And shall we not confess that it is they,
Who, bringing radiance to unlightened space,
Have made a splendid fire-work display,
A glorious Catherine wheel of this our race?

ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT

Yesterday—Today

'Tis but yesterday, dear heart, that I
Was with thee, wond'ring why
The rose that nestled on thy breast
Should have such privilege.
Perhaps the blushing thing half guessed
My hidden thoughts, but did forgive;
Ah, could I live,
Dear heart, the life I chose,
I'd be a rose
Content to rest, upon thy breast.

And now, today it is, dear heart, that I
Am here, whilst thou dost lie
Among the roses, white and still
In perfect loveliness:
Ah, can it be it is God's will
That thou should'st go and I should live?
He will forgive,
Dear heart, the death I chose,—
'Twas like the rose
Content to rest upon thy breast.

FLORA JULIET BOWLEY

O Christchild, listen to me as I stand
At the foot of your tall, tall tree,
And tell me if you're not lonely there,
While we dance and sing with glee?

I should think you'd tire of smiling so sweet,
With no share in the good things below,
Don't you long for a horn or a pair of reins,
Candy canes or a circus show?

And won't you answer, you dear little child?
I suppose after all it is right
For you to prefer your waxen smile,
But I like a sled and a kite!

FLORENCE HOMER SNOW

Gounod's Ave Maria

Here is a song that human heart hath wrought,
That master mind in pain hath strongly thought;
From darkening pathways trod,
It rises, calling out for light, for love;
From faith in doubt, to the great vault above
It seeks the Mother-heart of God.

ELSA BEECHER LONGYEAR

My Prayer

This is my prayer: That life may be
Rich, deep, and full—the perfect harmony
Of kindly deeds, of loving thoughts, of charity
So true and great it can not cease.
For these, life's deeper joys, I pray,
Wherein the heart finds peace.

HOPE NEWELL WALKER

The Dreamery

There's a garden called the Dreamery,
In the land of Long Ago,
Where wander all our unthought thoughts,
And tiny dreamlets grow.

The crimson poppies nod their heads,
The grass is soft and green,
And cool between it's mossy banks
Glimmers a brook's high sheen.

The spiders spin a silky web
Around each little dream,
And flitting through the Dreamery
Like spirits pale they seem.

Oh, on some warm, bright summer's day
May you and I together
Search out this fairy garden, there
To dream our dreams forever.

ADÈLE KEYES

The Descent of the Silent Pool

In the dark forest the crashing of branches inwoven with moans,
Shrill cries, and fierce oaths, and the joy of the triumph, while over the stones
The thud of a body that falls, while the life gushes out in thick groans.
Through the network of sounds rose one stronger and deeper by far,
Like the roar of the rag-maddened bull in the thick of the fight,
And the sound clutched my heart in the grip while a dazzling star
Of white light dazed my eyes with its radiance cruelly light,
And a pain stopped my throat, and I staggered, felled down by the fear
At the death-ringing voice in the shadows that ever more near
Made a tune to the swish of the sword blade. 'Twas then that I crashed
Through the thicket and down to the lake shore and paused there abashed,
Ere I stepped in the pool of sleek silence,—the smooth silence pool.

Then slowly it came creeping o'er me the deed I had done—
Had found balms in the midst of the battle; outside one by one
In the woods all my comrades were falling but little recked I.
It was not the fear of the sword blade, I feared not to die;
The voices, the clashing of voices! Then downward I sank,
One hand on the willow that gently bent down from the bank,
On my knees in the pool of smooth silence, the clear silence pool.
The voices were only a haze now, and ever the one
The terrible cry that pursued me from sun unto sun
Had melted and dimmed into distance. I smiled, for I knew
That now for all time I had lost it, as slowly from view
I sank in the pool of clear silence—the deep silence pool.

CANDACE THURBER

The Bluebird

Bare and brown, and damp and chill,
Are the boughs upon the tree;
A flutter of wings, a downward swoop
And a bluebird singeth free.

Forlorn and groping, lone and sad,
Are my soul and very mind;
Like a bird of song, a thought flies in
On the wing of the tart spring wind.

MADeline ZABRISKIE

To Sorrow

Oh! Sorrow Sorrow!
I know thee;
Thy hand is seared and scarred,
And thy face has many wrinkles,
Thy brow and cheek are marred.

Oh! Sorrow! Sorrow!
A cold wind
Shivers through branches bare,
And the long grass withers and shrivels
Under thy cruel stare.

Oh! Sorrow! Sorrow!
The sunshine,
The Joy and the Song of Day
Are fled,—are fled, and the shadows
Darken the long, long way.

LESLIE STAFFORD CRAWFORD

To the Night-Blooming Cereus

We watched beside thee breathless, as the red
Upon the hilltops trembled into white,
And Nature felt the presence of the night
As silently her starry veil outspread.
Leaf after leaf thou didst unfold. We fed
Our souls upon that vision of delight.
Thou seem'st the spirit of an angel bright:
But with the dawn, thy bloom was parched and dead!—
Gone was thine Eastern fragrance in that hour:
Thy head hung limp as if some hand
Had crushed thy stem, and left thee there to die.
How many souls hold kinship with thee, flower,
Which timid, in the shadow best expand,
But hide their beauty from the common eye.

ESTHER JOSEPHINE SANDERSON

The Strange Things of the Sea

Full patiently the fisherman lay rocking, rocking, rocking;
Against his boat the little waves came knocking, knocking, knocking;
The dark little waves, the blind little waves, on the sea of the eyeless night,
Till the fisherman rocked, and swayed, and rocked, into the day of sight.

Full merrily the fisherman stood singing, singing, singing;
Against his face the spears of light came pricking, tingling, stinging;
The swift little spears, the bright little spears, from the hand of the clear-eyed day,
And the fisherman sang, and rocked, and sang the joy of his life away.

For joyously the fisherman stood working, working, working,
And piled the gleaming fish full high, nor knew the strange things lurking,—
The strange little things, the fierce little things, from the heart of the heartless sea,
Till the things reached over the fisherman's boat; and where might the fisherman be?

Full patiently the fisherman lies swaying, swaying, swaying;
Across his face the small sea things run, gliding, leaping, playing;
The small sea things, the still sea things, from the fields of the cold green sea.
Up in the light, the sun's at its height, but here must the fisherman be.

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS



Songs for Ballies and Basketball Games

TUNE: "The Grand Old Duke of York"

The class of Nineteen four
Has been here but since fall.
They call us Freshmen now,
But we'll be the best of all.

Oh, when we came, we came,
And now we're here, we're here!
And now the class of Nineteen four
Has not a single peer!

TUNE: "Bar-tender"

We'll give you a song of classes—of classes
For you love them, as we know,
Yes, surely we will oblige you—oblige you
With a little verse or so.

Some sing of the class of grand old Seniors,
And some to old 1902.
Some sing to the class of gay young Soph'mores,
All are good classes, through and through!

But give me a song of Freshmen—of Freshmen,—
For we're proud to bear the name,
And here's to the royal purple—the purple,—
Suited to our royal fame!

TUNE: "Saw my leg off"

You can't beat them,
You can't beat them,
You can't beat them,
1904! (Spoken)

TUNE: Chorus to "Darktown is out tonight"

Oh, my poor —
Sophomores be wary,
Of boasts be chary,
We'll turn the tables o'er,
For our class's a winner,
Our team's a spinner.
Three cheers for Nineteen four!

You'll see the —
Ball pass the line of
The famous nine of
Our class of Nineteen four!
Adèle will stop it,
Rita will drop it
In, twenty times or more!

See how the —
Freshmen are prancing,
Juniors are dancing,
Sophomores are pale with dismay!
For we'll gam the glory,
Change the old story,—
Freshmen will win today!

TUNE: "Annie Moore"

Oh! 1904, dear 1904,
You're the very finest class upon the floor,
You beat them all
At basketball,
And you'll never find her equal.
1904.

TUNE: "Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe?"

Oh! who will wipe up 1903, 1903?
 Oh! who will wipe up 1903, 1903?
 Oh! who will wipe up 1903
 With a rousing game of ball?
 1904, with a mighty score,—
 Poor Sophs! (in a sad tone)

Oh! who will bear off 1903, 1903?
 Oh! who will bear off 1903, 1903?
 Oh! who will bear off 1903
 When the glorious game is o'er?
 1904, 1904.
 Poor Sophs!

Oh! who will bury 1903, 1903?
 Oh! who will bury 1903, 1903?
 Oh! who will bury 1903
 Amid so many tears?
 1904, 1904.
 Poor Sophs!

TUNE: "I went to the Animal Fair"

I went to the Animal Fair,
 The great Red Lion was there,
 The Unicorn with his purple horn
 Was raising a rumpus there,
 The Jabberwock looked sick,
 And the little yellow Chick
 Was awfully blue,
 And I think, don't you?
 He'd better clear out quick.
 (Repeat.)

TUNE: "Soldiers of the Queen"

Oh! We are the class of 1904,
 The class we know you all adore.
 You have heard our praises sung before,
 Listen while we thunder them once more.

CHORUS
 For we're the class of 1904,
 The glorious class of 1904,
 We'll all be loyal to the core
 To grand old nineteen hundred four.

You can hear the grand old lion roar
 As now we sing to 1904.
 We've cheered her long, we'll cheer her more,
 As we've always done in days of yore.

TUNE: "Our Director"

Three times three for 1902,
 Best class alive—
 Where are the others,
 1903 and Five?
 CHORUS
 'Gainst the red and purple
 They cannot score,
 Three cheers for 1902 and 1904.
 (Repeat)

Hard luck for the Freshies,
 Tough on 1903,
 Caught in our meshes,
 They cannot get free.

While they wildly struggle
 To scrape up a score,
 They cannot equal old 1904.

TUNE: "Reveille"

You can't get a ball!
 You can't get a ball!
 You can't get a ball!
 Hooray!
 Your pride will have a fall,
 Your pride will have a fall,
 When you attempt to play.
 For the team of 1904
 Is a good one to the core,
 It raises such a score,
 The Freshmen are no more.

TUNE: "Chinese Soldier Man"

Just listen while we sing
 And make the rafters ring
 About the glorious team of 1904.
 Oh! little 1905
 As sure as your alive
 We'll make you fairly tremble for your score!

There's Captain Dilly now.
 Oh! don't you see just how
 We think that she's the grandest girl alive—
 Oh! little Freshmen dear,
 Best drop a hopeless tear,
 For you'll never find her equal, 1905!

Look out for dear Adèle,
 And Leslie Crawford still,
 Our other centers quick and true are there.
 Just watch them get the ball
 From above the heads of all,
 Oh! 1904's so proud of you today!

Look out for Edith Vaille,
 With Ethel Swan as well,
 And Rita making up our dandy homes.
 They're rolling up our score,
 As the Freshmen see, once more,
 Whene'er the ball across the center comes.

We've Mabel Barkley, too,
 A good one through and through,
 With K. C., who's our pride for evermore.
 Then Bee comes next in line,
 Making up the grand old nine—
 The grand old nine of grand old 1904.

Medley**TUNE: "Dreamy Eyes"**

There are Seniors old
 And Soph'mores bold
 And little Freshmen whom we love as ere we're told,
 But I surmise
 That if you were wise
 'Tis on the jolly Juniors you will keep your eyes.

TUNE: "Nancy Brown"

1904, once again we raise to you
 Our song of former days,
 For now we know that everything you do
 Is worthy of all praise,
 So we've just come down to show the college
 What we think is true for evermore,
 And say that no one's fame
 Is quite the same
 As Nineteen Four's.

TUNE : "Mr. Dooley"

In 1900 President Seelye sighed and shook his head,
"Smith College isn't all it ought to be," he sadly said.
The Twentieth Century's dawning for the College
clouded o'er,
But brightly then the sun shone out, and never
clouded more.

CHORUS

'Twas 1904, oh! 1904,
That entered Smith with pennants flying o'er,
Made high its station
In every nation,
Did little ultra purple 1904.

What class was it in basketball that won the highest
score?

You do not need to ask it for of course 'twas 1904.
Since 1902 has taught us well, no need of 'rithmetics
To add together two and four for a winning 1906.

CHORUS

Oh! 1906—Oh! 1906,
We'll show our loyal love for you today,
With purple backing,
There's nothing lacking
In showing 1905 your winning way.

TUNE : "Captain Jinks"

O, little Freshmen, Juniors gay,
And dear old Seniors, look this way,
And hear what we are going to say
Of the only class in college.

CHORUS

The best, the first, the only one,
The greatest underneath the sun,
Through ages shall the praises run
Of the only class in college.

The name of it is 1902,
We couldn't sing her praises through
But all we can, we try to do—
To us she's all the college.

And now we sing to 1904,
We'll sing her praises o'er and o'er,
And cheer until our throats are sore
For the finest class in college.

TUNE : "Summer Time"

In a good old rousing game,
In a good old rousing game,
We always do our very best
To win a lasting fame.
The purple leads in basketball
And that's a very good aim,
For any class that wants to win
A good old rousing game.

TUNE : "Veritas"

We'll sing hooray, hooray, hooray!
For we're the finest of classes today,
Nineteen Six and Four!
Look at the way we outshine all the rest,
You can see that even classes are the best.
Oh, see how our colors make the rest look pale
As they feebly follow in our glorious trail!
We are the classes that can show them how,
To the red and purple they must always bow,
So join in a good cheer for the Freshmen,
And the Juniors today.

TUNE : "Bill Bailey"

Cheer for the Juniors, all ye!
Cheer for nought four!
Cheer for the finest ever!
Shout out your praises, all ye!
Shout o'er and o'er,
You'll find her equal never!

We were the first as Freshmen
Last year the same,
This year is but one more,
Next year as Seniors
We'll show our fame!
Oh, grand and glorious Nineteen Four!





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1900-1901

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"La Bataille de Dames"	MORRIS HOUSE
"White Aprons"	LAWRENCE HOUSE
"Engaged"	WALLACE HOUSE

1901-1902

"The Cricket on the Hearth"	SARM GANOK
"Fanchon, the Cricket"	ALBRIGHT HOUSE
"Lady of Lyons"	TERTIUM QUID
"The Sevres Cup"	DICKINSON HOUSE

1902-1903

"The Lord of Braunfel"	WASHBURN AND TENNEY HOUSE
"The Rivals"	WALLACE HOUSE
"The Rose and the Ring"	LAWRENCE HOUSE
"Trelawney of the Wells"	TYLER HOUSE

1903-1904

"Little Lord Fauntleroy"	MORRIS HOUSE
"Pyramus and Thisbe"	SARM GANOK
"Land of Heart's Desire"	ALBRIGHT HOUSE
"Rose o' Plymouth Town"	HAVEN AND WESLEY HOUSES
"Alice in Wonderland"	



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—Editorial—*Philadelphia Item*, 3 October, 1903

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